

# THE LIGUORIAN



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### THEY SAY

"We value the Liguorian highly and read it with interest."—Vancouver.

"Certainly the Liguorian is in the van of the very best Catholic magazines."—Salt Lake City.

"We all enjoy the Liguorian very much, and the editors are certainly to be congratulated on the fine work they are doing."—Annapolis, Md.

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XII.

JUNE, 1924

No. 6

## The Mysteries of the Sacred Heart

I marvel at the mysteries,  
Which in Thy ruby casements hide,—  
Which half revealed, half hid, I see  
Through lattice of Thy riven side.

Thou wert the fount of childish pleas  
That sweetened Beth'lem's wintry night;  
Thou source of those dear blandishments  
That made Thy Boyhood dwelling bright.

Thou wert the well-spring of that love  
That on the throngs in pity beamed;  
There were the fountains of those tears  
That in Thy eyes for Lazarus gleamed.

Thence gushed the love that trembled through  
Thy hands that childish brows caressed;  
Thence too the sweet compassion welled,  
That Magdalen's repentance blessed.

Thence came the ruddy floods of grief  
By Angels solaced in the Grove;  
Thence all the prayers on nightly hills,  
Thence Calvary's dying words of love.

There Loneliness its temple found,  
There tremblingly the taunts were felt,  
There Judas' kiss its deep wound made  
And fearful Peter's blow was dealt.

Thence came the last reluctant drop,—  
Sweet Sacred Blood by which we live,—  
There grew that love that taught Thee how  
Thyself to lowly me to give.

O Sacred Heart! Exhaustless fount  
Of mysteries of love and pain:  
Thy depths no thought can sound; thy heights  
No flight of fancy hope to gain.

—A. A. Thomas, C. Ss. R.

## Father Tim Casey

### FORMING A LIFE PARTNERSHIP

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Clasping his hands over his ample front as if he were about to say his night prayers, the Reverend Timothy Casey settled himself in his arm chair and began:

"Once upon a time a successful business man died and left his entire concern to his only son."

The "boys" seated about the room exchanged significant glances as if to say, "Father Tim will give us a bit of good advice at the close of this story. Just watch and see if he doesn't." Apparently oblivious of their knowing looks, the good priest continued:

"The enterprise had reached such proportions that it was deemed advisable to take in an able and reliable partner. The new proprietor set to work at once to find the person endowed with qualities necessary to fill such a difficult and important post. With this object in view, he joined the gayest club, was initiated into the local fraternity that was most noted for its good fellowship, and thus he made the acquaintance of a number of carefree young sports. He haunted the race course and the prize ring, attended every social banquet and fancy ball. Late one night at a champagne supper, he met his man. They had never seen each other before, yet in less than five minutes they felt like lifelong friends, like brothers; in fact, I might even go further and say, like twin brothers. The young man saw at once that his search was ended. Two souls, attuned in such perfect harmony, were destined to go through life together—sharing the same thoughts, selling the same goods, and drawing on the same bank account. Then and there he closed the deal and made this new-found friend his business partner."

With that the priest stopped abruptly. After waiting a few moments one of the party cried out:

"Go on, Father Tim; finish the story."

"Go on yourself. Any one of you could finish it. Tom!" he commanded.

Tom obeyed.

"Well, Father, I never heard it before, but I'll chance a guess that it ended something like this: Six months later the business was



bought in by a Jew at twenty cents on the dollar, and the hero now spends his time roosting at the employment bureau and stalling off his landlady."

Father Casey kept nodding approval to Tom's narration. "Foolish, wasn't he?" he murmured.

"Plum nutty," was Tom's rather inelegant corroboration.

"Why?"

"Because he took such a bonehead way of choosing a partner in business."

"Um-m, I see—so, that's the point—" The priest was musing; the lads were listening. "He was foolish, stupid, to choose that manner of adopting a partner in business—I see—. Now, if he were choosing, not a partner in business, but a partner in life, a woman who would have a major part in making or marring his happiness in this world and in sending him to heaven or hell in the next, a woman who should be the angel of his home, the mother of his children—in a word, if he were choosing a wife, then the method pursued would be quite correct and prudent. Am I right?"

"Aw—Father Tim!"

"Don't 'Aw' me. I know what I'm talking about. If he was an ass to look for a business partner in that way, you boys are bigger asses for looking for a wife in this way. One of these days you are going to become infatuated with some girl of whose real enduring qualities you know nothing. And five or ten years later you will be coming to me with the old, old story: 'Father, I'm thoroughly discouraged. The wife spends every cent I make and keeps running into debt besides.' Or, 'Father, I—I'll be honest—I've gone to drink—couldn't help it—that wife o' mine is the blue ribbon prize nagger—she'd drive Billy Bryan himself to the bottle.' Or, 'No, I didn't make my Easter Duty for a good many years. We call ourselves Catholics, but the wife hardly ever goes to church, the kids hardly ever go to church, and—aw, gee, Father, you know how it is—a fellow's got to get some encouragement.' Or, 'that painted doll that I married spends half the time at the home of her mamma and the other half in my home crying for her mamma, and mamma says she's fragile and mustn't have any babies, and—it looks like my marriage certificate was a ticket for hell.' Our young friend bankrupted his business by the foolish way in which he chose a business partner. You boys will

bankrupt your life and your eternity by the foolish way in which you choose a life partner."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"I mean that, if you go so lightly about the serious matter of choosing a wife, you deserve to draw a blank. I mean that you are not going to bring up your family in a dance-hall or a taxi-cab; you are not going to take your three daily meals in a chop suey restaurant, and therefore you can't judge the qualities of your future wife by the way she acts in such places. You must see her in her home, see how she treats her own father and mother and brothers and sisters, see how she performs the domestic duties of a housewife. That's what I mean."

"Father Tim, you talk as though a man should choose a wife just as he selects a bungalow—see if she comes up to his specifications, and, if she does, close the deal. Don't you know there is such a thing as love?"

"Of course I know there is such a thing as love. I even know the different brands of the article. For example, there is puppy love, insane love, misguided love, illicit love, and genuine, well founded, enduring love. Any man may fall in love with any woman. If he has common sense and the fear of God, he will take stock and see what kind of love it is. If he is already married to somebody else, or if the woman is married to someone else, or if she is no good, then it is misguided or illicit love, and he will set to work at once to drive it out of his system—go shooting ducks—get tangled up in a law suit—catch typhoid fever—anything to help him forget her. On the other hand, if he finds a woman who has all the qualities necessary to make a good wife, a woman who he believes would be willing to marry him, he can cultivate her company and learn to love her. Of course, it will not be that violent form of love that drives a man to poetry and starvation diet, but it will be the kind that will carry him through the rough places in life's journey, the kind that will endure even when her color fades and her teeth fall out, because it is founded on more lasting qualities. With a woman of that kind he will receive the sacrament of Matrimony worthily and lead a good Christian life; and, remember, if you receive the sacrament worthily and lead a good Christian life, the sacrament itself will give you special grace, special help from God, to love, and to keep on loving, your wedded wife."

"Maybe, Father, you wouldn't mind giving us a list of the qualities we ought to look for in the woman we choose for a life partner."

"I should be delighted," said the priest. "I have seen enough marriages, both happy and unhappy, to be able to judge fairly well what qualities should be possessed by the founders of a true Christian home. First quality: Faith. Choose a wife that is a Catholic, that knows her religion thoroughly and practices it conscientiously. Choose a Catholic wife in order to be happy in this life. Difference in religion between husband and wife is the seed of distrust, misunderstanding, and disunion. It is hard enough to spend your married life in peace and harmony and mutual helpfulness, without starting out with a handicap like this. Choose a Catholic wife in order to be happy in the next world. You must live up to your faith in order to save your soul. If your wife does not encourage and help you, you will hardly do it.

"Second quality: Good Sense. The office of wife and mother in a Christian home is a difficult office. The woman without common sense will make a mess of it. True, the responsibilities and sufferings and problems of married life have transformed many a giddy, light-minded girl, into a prudent, tactful woman—but there had to be at least some embryonic brains to start with.

"Third quality: Filial Respect. See how she fits in with her own family. That's the best indication in the world how she will fit in with yours. Is she politely cruel to her dad? Does she neglect and ignore him because he is old and dense and garrulous? Yes? Then get your hat. Don't hang around. Go, while the going is good. You'll be old and dense and garrulous some day yourself, and she and her children will treat you the same or worse.

"Fourth quality: Self-Sacrifice. Every day of her life, a Christian wife and mother is called upon to perform a hundred difficult duties that call for self-sacrifice. If she does not possess the virtue of self-sacrifice, she will neglect many of these duties. Others she will perform with such an amount of grumbling and ill-will that she will spoil their effect. If she has not the virtue of self-sacrifice, she will not succeed in bringing up good, God-fearing children. She will be a millstone dragging her husband down to perdition instead of a comforting angel encouraging him to follow the steep road that leads to heaven.

"Fifth quality: Thrift. I do not say that you should look for a miser or an efficiency expert, but I do say that the girl that spends every cent she earns on her back and wants you to spend every cent you earn on her entertainment, will never be the wife to help you to live within your means like an honest man.

"Sixth quality: Industry. People that love work may be as rare as white crows. But people that have the backbone to do their work because it ought to be done, are plentiful. The man that comes in every night to a tidy home and appetizing dinner, has an industrious wife. That is what you want. See what the girl is in her own home now—an asset or a liability—because that is what she will be in yours later on."

"Father Tim," cried Tom. "What are you talking about? Whoever saw a woman with such qualities?"

"You did, Tom. You see such a woman every time you cross your threshold—your mother!"

"Oh sure! But she's different!"

"You think your mother is different from any other woman in the world. Use a little prudence and common sense in the selection, and you will be able to think the same about your wife."

"But, Father—" Raymond was troubled—worse than troubled—he was scared.

"What is it, Raymond?" queried the priest.

"I hope you don't tell the girls to look for all those qualities in us!"

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All men are privileged to enter the archives of Creation in order to view and examine the records of the universe from the time of its inception down to the present hour. Among the many volumes is one that is read by comparatively few and very often misunderstood. It is the great book of Nature.—*Kreidel*.

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Compromise in principle is false charity, for it kills both the one for whom it is made and the maker. Liberalism in religion is compromise in principle.

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Dim is the gaze that cannot perceive how the heavens and the earth proclaim the glory of God.

## The Lost Crown

### THE FAILURE OF HELEN MILES

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

'Twas a bright May day, the first really warm day of the season. It was doubly appreciated after a week of clouds and rain. The lawns were fresh and fragrant, the first tiny leaves were folded still upon the branches of the trees; the lilacs already green with promise. The young men and young women, streaming from the various halls of the University, showed that they were as sensitive to the charms of Spring as nature itself.

"Hello, Helen," cried a young lady, as she fairly stumbled into another girl at the entrance to St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

"My, that was a near collision! But, how are you, Grace?" said Helen, recovering from her shock.

"Oh, fine as ever. I've just come from the U, and tonight I do not have to work; that makes me feel better. But, I say, Helen, where have you been? What's happened to you? You look so flushed and excited."

"Is that so? Can you notice it?" asked Helen, opening her vanity case to make sure of it. "Well," she said, closing the case with a satisfied manner (and she had reason to be satisfied, she was good to look at), I am excited. I've made up my mind."

"Made up your mind? Does that make you seem so radiantly happy?"

"Are you on your way home, Grace?" asked Helen, taking her arm. "Will you walk with me? And I'll tell you all about it. I just feel like telling it to someone."

"Certainly, Helen, I'll walk home with you and I will be glad to hear the story. But, for the life of me I cannot see—it must be something wonderful that has come to you." There seemed to be something wistful in Grace Cassel's voice as she spoke. Had she, too, been grappling with some great question? Was she, too, unsettled? Did she envy one that could say so definitely that her mind was made up?

"You know," began Helen as they started on their way, "for a long time I had been thinking of going to the convent."

"You?" broke in Grace, and she looked at Helen as if to make

sure she heard aright. She seemed to visualize mentally what it meant. Helen was the daughter of a well-to-do family. Grace came from a poorer home; she was studying at the University to prepare for a business career apparently, and working her way by clerking in the evening. She was saying mentally: "What would I have to give up, in comparison with her?"

"Yes," said Helen; "I thought you knew; so many knew of it; I had so often thought that I was ready, when something or other would turn up to make me wait—generally it was mother. She can't bear to see me go. But this afternoon there was a Father at the Hospital to give an address. He spoke of the achievements of nuns in the history of the Church. It is really inspiring! You haven't read history from that angle have you?"

"No," admitted Grace; "in fact, it never struck me that that would present a considerable angle. Just never thought about it, I suppose. They don't talk about that at the U, you know."

"It never struck me like this before either," continued Helen. "But just think of the Sisters that followed the first discoverers and explorers of our country! Following them into strange, unknown lands—following them even into the forests, to build schools and help in the civilizing of the Indians! And from that day on, within the walls of schools, academies, colleges—behind the kindly portals of hospitals, asylums, refuges of all kinds—sometimes in grand and stately buildings, more often amid hardships and privations, working away the best years of their lives, just for others! If we knew them all by name, all the Sisters—what a list that would make! If we knew all the people whom they influenced—what a record that would be!"

"It is wonderful!" ejaculated Grace. "I suppose their annals would fill volumes—shelves of volumes! I do not wonder that it filled you with enthusiasm. But isn't it queer, when we see the Sisters at their work—so quietly done, in such a matter-of-fact way, nobody taking particular notice of it—just going on from day to day—you would hardly think of the magnificent background behind them."

"No; and that's just it," replied Helen. "I've been with them so much and so often—everything moves along in such regular routine—hardly any evidence of management—just everyone seeming to know her work and place."

"It's all you see, at least!" interposed Grace.

"And they seem so happy in the midst of it!" went on the other girl. "Ah!" she sighed, "it's that, I suppose, that gets me! But here we are, Grace—home. Won't you come in for a little visit? You can, can't you?"

"All right," replied Grace. "I'll be glad to, Helen." Together they entered the fashionable Miles' home. As they stepped into the room, they saw Mrs. Miles seated in a comfortable chair, reading.

"Hello, Mother," said Helen, kissing her. The excitement still upon her, put a noticeable tremor into her voice and revealed itself even in her manner. "This is Grace Cassel," she said, introducing her companion.

"Mother," began Helen, as she seated herself close to her mother, and fondled her hand, "Mother, I've been over to the Sisters. They had a little celebration. Oh, it was grand!" she finished, rather limply, as her resolution began unconsciously to weaken. The mother only drew her daughter's hand closer to her breast and held it more affectionately. She made no reply.

"And mother," went on Helen, "I've made my decision."

Her mother put her arm around the girl's shoulder, and looked at her with a look of mingled sorrow and affection. "That is," said Helen, slowly, her voice losing its enthusiasm, "I've almost made it." She was somehow back to her old hesitation. Her mother was silently using her one argument. A rather awkward silence followed.

"You won't leave me, Helen, will you?" the mother asked at last, coaxingly, affectionately, almost in a whisper. "You have thought of your old mother, haven't you?"

"But, mother," said Helen, not daring to look up at her, "there are Bill and Jack and Bess, that are married. You could go—"

"You are all I have, Helen," broke in the mother again, "all I have in the old home."

"Perhaps one of them could come here?" suggested Helen timorously.

"Helen," replied her mother, "you are mine." Helen's head sank upon her mother's breast. There were tears in her eyes. She was going over the old, old ground again. A little wave of anger surged into her heart, but almost as quickly subsided. She sank into her old attitude: there's no use; I'm bound. Something touched her cheek.



She looked up into her mother's face and saw the tears flowing from her eyes. It melted her resolution.

"Don't mother," she said; "I won't go—yet." She clung to her mother for a while and at last arose and came over to Grace, who sat there feeling as if she were intruding. She was completely surprised at the turn things were taking. What most surprised her was to see the complete breakdown of Helen's resolution. The flush had faded from her cheek.

"Will you stay for dinner?" asked Helen.

"No, thanks," replied Grace. "Mother will be waiting for me to help her. I think I shall go."

"Please don't!" said Helen simply. She feared to be alone with her mother now.

"I must," answered Grace. "I'll stay some other time." She felt that she had to get out into the fresh air. She felt as though something had come to her; it had reached her heart.

Once out on the street, she breathed more freely. But she felt as if a question had been put to her. She could not explain it. Was it only the reaction of her generous nature to the weakness she had seen? She tried to shake it off; but always there came the refrain: "To give up all her glorious dreams like that!"

As she neared her home, she saw quite a bit of excitement around the house. Some neighbors were standing about, talking in rather low tones. At Grace's approach they stepped aside to let her by. There was something strange about their manner: there was an air of reverence almost. Suffering makes us sacred—but Grace did not think of that. Only she hurried into the house.

"Oh, Grace," said her little brother, a boy of fourteen, running to meet her, "Grace!" and he laid his head on her breast and the tears stood in his eyes.

"What's the matter, Tom? Where's mother? What's up? Tell me?" she asked as fear of the unknown evil flooded her heart.

"They just brought Jim (that was the older brother) to the Hospital. He was hurt at work. And mother went to the Hospital with him. Dad doesn't know yet. Oh, it was awful. I saw Jim."

Grace's first impulse was to run off to the Hospital. But, looking at her watch, she decided that it would be better to get supper ready for her little brothers and sisters and for their father who would soon



be home from work. She found the other little ones gathered before a little shrine of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady, before which their mother was wont to assemble for prayers each night.

"That's right," she said, "you are doing the best thing. I'll kneel with you for a while." So she did. Then she rose and went about her work, though her fingers did tremble involuntarily.

The supper over, she and her father hurried over to the Hospital. They found Jim very seriously injured, but, as the doctor declared, with the best hopes of recovery. In the course of the next three weeks, Grace frequently visited her brother and had occasion to see the Sisters at their work. Gradually there rose in her heart the same enthusiasm that had been Helen's.

One day, after her brother had returned from the Hospital, she came home from her usual evening's clerking, and seating herself beside her mother, told of her plans.

"Mother," she said, "God calls me to the convent. I have felt it some time now." Grace was surprised that her mother only looked at her steadily: she could not tell whether it was a look of satisfaction or concern.

"What about your University course?" she asked.

"I have all the credits I'd need," replied Helen.

"But have you thought of us?" asked the mother.

"How can you ask, mother?" was the girl's reply. "Surely, that was the first thing. But, Jim is well again, Tom is fast growing up, Elsie is sixteen now. Mother, if God calls me, won't He take care of you all?"

"Grace, there is no question about it," she replied with a solemnity that sent a thrill through the girl. "But," she went on, stroking Grace's hair affectionately, "your mother—does she count for nothing?"

"Mother!" ejaculated Grace impulsively, throwing her arms round her and kissing her. "You know I've never been away from you for a night! Don't you think I'll miss you? I feel as I never did before. I love you more than ever and still feel that I would not love you if I hesitated now."

"Child," said the mother, "I am glad to see you go. I have been quietly praying that God might take one of my children for Himself. He has chosen you, perhaps that is why I loved you more than any! But what made you think of it—so suddenly, almost?"

"I really don't know—unless it was Helen Miles."

"Helen? Why, I hear that she isn't going to the convent after all."

"She isn't. I heard her say so. It was then God seemed to ask me instead."

---

## From Far India

### A TOUCHING APPEAL

We recently received from India the following letter, which we present to our readers. It describes very briefly some problems of the Missionary Sisters.

Saint Martha's Hospital,  
Bangalore City, British India.

*To the Reverend Editor of THE LIGUORIAN.*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Some time back a friend of ours loaned us some copies of THE LIGUORIAN. The title at once appealed to me, not alone because I have a great devotion to the Holy Founder of the Redemptorists, but also because I have a very dear brother, a member of that Holy Congregation, somewhere in Bolivia. I found the reading of THE LIGUORIAN very solid and nice and by circulating the numbers among some of my friends I secured a subscription.

As much as I should like to have this nice reading for our hospital, I cannot afford the luxury, yet it would prove a boon to the Sisters, staff and patients alike, as it is hard to get good reading here. Perhaps your Reverence has some spare copies of the Life of the Great Saint Alphonsus of Liguori, Saint Clement Hofbauer, Gerard Majella, etc. If so, these would make a very desirable addition to our meager library, which we are trying to replenish with good solid reading. In a place like ours where hundreds of people come every year, good books will yield great power for good, not only among the European people, but also among the pagans, many of whom speak also the English language, but this is rather a bold request made by a perfect stranger. Permit me, Reverend and dear Father, to introduce ourselves to you and to speak of our work.

We belong to the Good Shepherd Order of which convents are spread almost all over the world. Here in India we have several, and in Bangalore Town itself a very big one with some 1,250 inhabitants.

In Bangalore City we opened a hospital in 1886 because of the great good we could thereby accomplish both in a humanitarian, as well as spiritual sense. Our annual number of baptisms of pagan adults and children amount on an average to 1,700—of course, mostly administered "in articulo mortis." Some 43,000 patients are treated yearly, and the influence of our Sisters among the Indians is very great and widespread. Our Sisters, doctors of medicine and surgery are sought everywhere. The Indian being naturally superstitious, he attaches great power for healing to persons consecrated to God, and believes in the "Blessed hands of the Sisters, who bring luck to whatever they touch." As hospital sisters we have also easy access to the various isolation hospitals outside the town. These we visit daily. Patients attacked with contagious diseases, such as plague, cholera, smallpox, leprosy, etc., are kept there. Owing to the very infectious nature of these diseases, visitors in these places are rare, and the poor patients look forward with eagerness to our daily rounds. They are generally impressed by our unselfish charity in exposing our lives by visiting them and they begin to admire our Holy Religion and then it is usually an easy matter to gain them to God, and pagans and Mohammedans generally ask for baptism before they die.

The surrounding villages we also visit, and our harvest there is particularly rich. With the unhygienic way of living, these people are almost all the year round infested by some epidemic or other, and the mortality, especially among the children, is appalling. As a rule the Indians have very large families, so that in a small one-room hut, one frequently finds parents with eight or more children huddled together—not seldom shared by a goat, a few fowls and a dog. As for ventilation, the door is for that purpose, which is so low that one has almost to bend double to fit in. It is therefore no wonder that disease is rampant with such unsanitary living.

The very unsatisfactory financial condition causes us great anxiety and on account of it we are handicapped in doing the good we have so many splendid opportunities for doing. Having no fixed funds, apart from a few endowed beds, the interest of which alone we can use, and a small grant in aid from the government, we have to depend entirely on public charity and that is not much understood in a pagan country, especially as the pagans and Indians in general are hostile to the Europeans and their religion. We find it therefore very diffi-

cult to keep up our work. In pre-war time we had much help from Europe, notably from Germany and Austria, but this is now a thing of the past. Like every missionary, we look now towards America for help, but there also the Catholics have their charities to support, yet it is most edifying when we read in the Catholic Missions how generously they help them.

Perhaps, dear Reverend Father, you could get some kind people interested in our work, and recommend our needs to them. If you have anything to do with schools, perhaps they could form a sort of a Mission circle for the purpose of collecting money for us. Excuse me, please, for mentioning this, but we shall be truly grateful to you for any help you may be able to procure for us, for your Reverence will most surely understand the incalculable good a Catholic Hospital can accomplish in a pagan land and that it is worthy of all support.

Begging your Holy Blessing and prayers on our work, believe me, Reverend and dear Father,

Yours Very Respectfully in Our Lord,

SISTER M. EUPHRASIE, R. G. S.

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## Following The Flag

### A CHAPLAIN'S STORY

REV. A. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

On the morning of July 20th I started for London. Here, at the Redemptorist House at Clapham I was most royally treated by Very Rev. Father Boyle and his community. I found a very distinguished visitor stopping there, Bishop Toner, Ordinary of the Diocese of Dunkeld, Scotland, but his episcopal residence is Dundee. His Lordship was staying with our Fathers and watching an educational bill that was then before Parliament. It was Saturday evening. The Fathers could not spend recreation with the good Bishop and myself. We were alone in the Fathers' place of recreation, and that was the roof of the monastery. Clapham had not the ample garden of Bishop Eton. The good old Prelate asked me many questions about my native country. He knew many of our English Fathers. The studentate at Perth is in his Diocese. An "air raid" was expected that night. Two of the enemy's scout planes had been discovered that

morning near the city. Innumerable searchlights were playing upon the clouds that evening from every quarter of London. It was the greatest illumination I had ever seen. (The Bishop and I watched these long streams of light until he grew tired, so we parted with the agreement that we would come out on to the roof with the sound of the first bomb.)

The next day was the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer. From the choir loft I watched Bishop Toner pontificate at the Solemn Mass, and heard Father Boyle's brother, also a Redemptorist and a Chaplain, preach a very good and appropriate sermon. Then in the company of the organist's sons, Warren and Arthur Sewel, I sallied forth to see "old London." We attended Vespers in Westminster Cathedral, and after the services we went down into the crypt to see the tombs of the two great Cardinals Wiseman and Manning.

We visited Hyde Park, viewed Buckingham Palace (through the front gate), and out to Tyburn Hill, and I stood on the spot marked by the little triangular stone where the "Triple Scaffold" had held so many strangling, agonizing victims. The next two days Arthur Sewel was permitted to "lay off" from his work to act as my cicerone in the world's greatest city. We lost no time. In those two days we visited Westminster Abbey, where we prayed at the tomb of St. Edward the Confessor, visited the tomb of Tennyson and the tombs of many of England's great men and women; then to St. Paul's Cathedral, with its wonderful crypt, the largest in the world. Perhaps the most interesting of all was the Tower of London.

Time and space does not permit me to describe historical spots of murders, and executions, and the cells of noble prisoners, the display of the Royal or Crown Jewels, the plaintive inscriptions scratched on the walls of the cells centuries ago by Confessors of our Holy Faith. There was the Tower Green, or court-yard, where poor Ann Boleyn was beheaded. Across from the Tower was Tower Hill, where Sir Thomas Moore and Bishop Fisher suffered martyrdom. We also visited Scotland Yard, St. James Palace, Admiralty Buildings, Houses of Parliament, London Bridge, Tower Bridge, Picadilly and Leicester Square.

Then back to my good ship at the Liverpool docks to await sailing orders. The day before we sailed the ill-fated *Justitia* went out to sea and was sunk by submarines off the west coast of Ireland.

On July 26th our convoy crossed the Bar at the Mouth of the River Mersey into the Irish Sea, homeward bound. We were escorted for forty-eight hours out into the Atlantic by the usual twelve submarine destroyers. Then at midnight they turned back, all the transports scattered in different directions, and when I went on deck the next morning I saw that we were all alone.

There was an insane sailor aboard. He was being invalided back to the States. He had been stationed in England. The poor lad thought that he was being returned to answer charges of every description—air raids, submarine attacks, etc. He swore they would never get him back to the States. On August 2nd, while in the Gulf Stream, he leaped overboard. His guard had taken him out on the deck for exercise and air. The guard had taken his eyes off of the poor sailor for just a moment, but that was sufficient for a leap to the rail and over the side. His life jacket which they had tied on him brought him to the surface immediately. The alarm of "man overboard" was sounded. The ship slowed down and began to veer around to the spot where he struck the water. But when the poor mad man saw that they were lowering the lifeboat, he tore off the life preserver and swam under and downward. He did not reappear. The search of the lifeboat was in vain. They picked up his life jacket and brought it back with them to the ship. As we steamed away on our course it was a depressing thought to know that the poor demented man was lying fathoms deep, or perhaps he had been seized by some monster of the sea.

Early one morning I was awakened by a shot from the forward cannon on our starboard. Then three more were fired in quick succession. I hurried on deck to find that "the bridge" had sighted a submarine on the horizon. It was "lying to," motionless, on the surface. I encountered two of the ship's officers. They told me that our shells had fallen short, and that the officer of the gun crew had tried to make the submarine submerge, for under the surface she could not travel so fast. But they said they did not think her speed could equal that of the old Louisville even on the surface. And so it proved. The old mailer put every ounce of power into her propeller, and in less than an hour the submarine was lost to view.

It was shortly after this that "our friend" the spy gave us the closest call of the trip. The near collision with the "Empress of Russia"

had been his work. He had shut off the steam in the steering engine to make a repair ordered by his superior officer, consequently the rudder would not respond to the pilot. He was brought before the Captain to explain. The man stated that it was necessary to close off the power to make the necessary repairs, and that he had been taught in his "Blue Jacket Manual" to obey orders and ask no questions. The Captain sent him back to his quarters and then held a conference with the officer who had given the command. The officer stated that it was not necessary to shut off the steam in the steering engine, and had it been necessary he would have asked for orders to fall back out of the convoy first. He also stated that as this seaman was an expert mechanic he should have known that it was not necessary to do such a hazardous thing to make the slight repairs needed. It was decided that this was a very suspicious act and that this man would bear watching.

The Captain made his selection of the keenest of the engineer crew and ordered them to watch this man constantly but surreptitiously, especially when he was on duty. His next attempt to wreck the ship came very near being a complete success. He closed off the steam in the boilers and was making for "top sides" to be near a lifeboat when the explosion occurred. It was noted just in time. The Captain ordered him into solitary confinement. He was locked in a small stateroom on my deck with an armed guard before his door night and day. No one aboard ship saw him again. He was turned over to the Naval Authorities at the Naval Prison in Portsmouth, Virginia. I learned afterwards that he had been executed.

Exactly one month to the day of our departure we sailed into New York Harbor. The grand old Statue of Liberty was, indeed, a welcome sight. New York, with its wonderful skyline of towering buildings, looked to us like the Land of Promise, but at all events it was our native land—our home.

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Why skirt the edges of filth when there are broad streams of crystal clear literature inviting to the wading! Why skate around the Danger sign when there are miles of clear ice awaiting beyond!

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Moderation is difficult to human nature; and what is novel never gives fair play to what is old and familiar.—*Faber.*



## The Paths of Light

FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN: CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

After Cardinal Newman's "Apologia," hardly any record of conversion interested me as much as "Salve Mater," by Frederick Joseph Kinsman, one time Episcopalian Bishop of Delaware. Every conversion seems to have characteristics of its own. As the leaves differ on the trees, so personalities differ and so also, apparently, the ways of God with personalities. The paths of light undergo many refractions and reflections—as in nature, so in Grace.

### DARKNESS

"The Catholic Church played no part in the world in which I was born and bred." These are the words with which Kinsman begins the account of his way from Episcopalianism to Rome. It was absolute—not even faint glimmerings of Rome came through the background: "My family belonged to the Connecticut Western Reserve in Ohio, with a background of Connecticut and Massachusetts; they were members of the Episcopal Church, into which two generations had come, out of New England Congregationalism. Our earliest American ancestor came over in the *Mayflower* in 1620; none from whom we derived descent came over later than 1680. Along every line we are descended from New England Puritans."

Along every line, too, there rank many men in law and letters and, as an evidence of the thorough Protestantism of the stock, many clergymen.

About his own early years he has this to say:

"I was therefore brought up in the Episcopal church in Warren (Ohio). I had my first religious instruction from my mother, who was also my first Sunday school teacher, as she had charge of the Infant Class for a number of years. \* \* \* For a year, also, I attended a class in the Presbyterian Sunday School, taught by Miss Ellen Estabrook, my teacher in Grammar School, who trained me in habits of reading the Bible. My connections and associations gave me a feeling of filial veneration for the Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Methodist Churches, to which so many of my people belonged. No one whom we knew was a Roman Catholic. In our world the Roman Catholic Church did not exist, save as a phenomenon of



European travel, a bogey of history, and an idiosyncrasy of Irish servants."

He also gives us a little glimpse of his reaction to the training he received.

"From the time I was eight," he writes, "I was an insatiable reader, and had many books from the Sunday School library; but I recall none that made any sort of religious impression." And yet—"diaries kept at twelve, show that I read three chapters (of the Bible) a day, and five on Sundays. My first Bible shows markings of passages I thought especially good. \* \* \* It would seem to me that those responsible for my religious training did all they could for a small boy."

He was just an ordinary lad with an ordinary lad's interests and preferences. There was nothing one-sided about him. "I had an uneventful, healthy sort of boyhood, with good, simple educational foundations; but, although I think I had a vivid imagination, I cannot remember that it was particularly directed to religious matters. Religion seemed to be chiefly a matter of studying the Bible; and I found American history much more interesting."

#### COLLEGE DAYS

When we realize how delicate are the workings of grace, how hidden are the roots of future developments, how far-reaching the influences of Divine Providence, it would not be too much to assume that already God was directing the soul of Frederick Kinsman. However, it is not easy to see this. There are sudden conversions—right about face—like Saint Paul's; there are others in which God seems simply to use whatever material is on hand; but no doubt, in some, a special Providence intervenes. While it is hard to make any definite statement, it seems that Providence was at work in this case; the sun was in the heavens—but the earth was not yet turned towards it. It was just past the hour of midnight.

"At fourteen," says Kinsman, "I was sent to Saint Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, entering September, 1883, and leaving in June, 1887. All the definiteness of religious impressions seems to have been derived from Saint Paul's. The school at that time had a recognized place as first among church-schools for boys."

The one who had most influence over him was Doctor Coit, the head-master.

He sums up the chief impressions left on his mind and conscience by his years at Saint Paul's under three heads:

(1) "The constant Presence of Our Lord. That Our Lord is a Divine Person was impressed in an unmistakable way. He did not speak of Him as one remote, an historical character whose humanity was so beautiful that it might be called 'divine,' or as an incongruous adjunct to the Almighty Father, as is not uncommon even among instructed churchmen. He was the one great, constant Reality, the one Person who could be really counted on all the time.

(2) "The Church as the sphere of Our Lord's Activity. I have no clear recollection of anything Dr. Coit said about the church; but he left the impression that, if the one thing most worth while was contact with Our Lord, the only way this was possible, or at any rate the most satisfactory, was in the life of the Church. \* \* \* I never heard him speak of ecclesiastical differences. \* \* \* I hoped that \* \* \* he would explain why we should be Episcopalians rather than Presbyterians or Roman Catholics. I was disappointed that he said nothing of these things; but he certainly left us \* \* \* with the impression that by baptism we were incorporated into the Catholic Church, which was represented for us by the Episcopal Church in which we were being trained.

(3) "Holy Communion as the Central Fact in the Church's Life. If the one great thing was to be in union with Christ, and this was made possible in the Church, we were not left in doubt at Saint Paul's, as to how most definitely this was to be. Communion with the Holy One was through Holy Communion. \* \* \* It was by Dr. Coit that I was taught to believe in the Real Presence. I do not think that he ever spoke of it in a technical sort of way; but from the time of my Confirmation, I accepted it as a matter of course that no member of the Church could think of the Eucharist in any other way than as a mode or guarantee of the Presence of Our Lord Himself."

It is certainly remarkable that Kinsman should have in his youth, gotten under the influence of such a man, that such impressions should have settled on him so early. It was certainly a "Catholic" foundation. However, Kinsman adds: "Dr. Coit influenced me as no other when I was a boy; he did not influence me much as a young man."

"In 1891 I went to Oxford, was for three years in residence at Keble College, took my B. A. degree in the Honor School of Theology

in 1894, and lived for a year as a graduate at the Pusey House. The four years in England were the happiest of my life." Thus Kinsman ushers us into the next period.

## OXFORD

From a religious standpoint, the general trend of his ways here might be summed up in his own words: "As a resident in Keble College, and the Pusey House, I lived in the concentrated atmosphere of Oxford movement, regarding Keble and Pusey with filial loyalty as the embodiments of sound Church principles and sound learning, and hearing and knowing much of those who were their most direct successors."

The Oxford movement was the strong current which had carried Newman, Manning, Faber, Ward and other great converts into the Church. Here he came under the influence of two men in particular. The one was Charles Gore, of whom he says: "The burden of all his teaching was the Incarnation." But, he adds: "Apart from his intellectual power, he had a great moral tone felt by those who came in close contact with him. This came from earnestness, humility and power of intense sympathy." He himself adverted to intellectual humility as one of the characteristics that impressed him at Oxford.

"Another notable characteristic was intellectual humility, something always seen in men of the highest type; the absence of that dogmatism which results from isolation, from the little learning that is dangerous, and from sheer untroubled ignorance. They were always ready to recognize the limitations of our knowledge, not in the least afraid to say: 'I don't know,' not in the least afraid to admit the existence of difficulties. There was a fearless facing of facts, and on many subjects habitual suspense of judgment."

Certainly this was a suitable preparation for his later course. Saint Augustine says: "If you would build high, dig deep the foundations of humility."

## SOURCES OF PREJUDICE

The other man who here exercised great, perhaps the greatest influence on Kinsman, was Dr. William Bright, Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Dr. Bright was lecturing on the General Councils in the Early Church. "This course," says our convert, "was my favorite above all others." This influence was good, in as far as it made Kinsman a student of the History of

the Church; it was bad, in as far as Dr. Bright had limitations. For instance, Kinsman himself points out some false views that he owed to this teacher's peculiarities.

"A limitation of Dr. Bright's was his concentration of his attention on the evidence of patristic literary documents. He ignored much evidence of monuments, local traditions, and existing institutions, which bore directly on subjects he had in hand. \* \* \* I learned from his life that he never visited the Catacombs till 1894!" Again Kinsman writes:

"The way in which Dr. Bright made the first four Councils stand out in clear relief led me to always give them disproportionate eminence. Only recently have I emancipated myself from the idea that everything most worth while culminated at the Council of Chalcedon, and that the best that can be done is to perpetuate Chalcedonian balance of thought, and fifth century methods of discipline and organization. Development was quite legitimate in earlier days; but all change was dangerous innovation after 450."

Perhaps the worst influence is suggested in these words of Kinsman's: "From Dr. Bright I derived chiefly my belief that the claims of modern papacy are unhistorical. He emphasized everything in conciliar history that tells against them; and, as I came to see later, unconsciously failed to give due weight to considerations on the other side."

#### MINISTERIAL WORK

During the autumn of 1894 he studied for the first time the Constitutions and Canons of the Protestant-Episcopal Church. There he found a canon on Ritual which forbade among other things "any act of adoration of or toward the Elements in the Holy Communion, such as bowings, prostrations, genuflexions," which "symbolized erroneous or doubtful doctrine."

This seemed to him to classify his belief in the Real Presence in the Category of "erroneous or doubtful doctrines," according to the Protestant-Episcopal Church. "If so, I doubted whether I could be ordained; at any rate, I felt bound to make a declaration of my belief on those points to the Standing Committee of New Hampshire, who were being asked to recommend me for ordination, and to my Bishop."

The replies he received were in true Episcopalian fashion—evasive and non-committal. The Bishop wrote:

"I do not suppose that the Canons was intended to oppose any doctrine of the Real Presence which you have been taught. \* \* \* I suppose the canon wished to guard against *strained inferences* in the shape of ritual practices from the true doctrine (or, if you please, the sound theology) of the Holy Eucharist. It would not be easy to understand the Communion Office without seeing in it clear recognition of the true, real, objective Presence of Our Blessed Lord—a Presence none the less Real if after a spiritual and heavenly manner, 'ineffable,' but if possible, all the more Real."

Satisfied with his Bishop's reply, Kinsman presented himself for orders and was ordained March 10, 1895. He was a minister of the Episcopal Church.

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### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

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In the joy and glory of Graduation Day, the graduates themselves, ranged on the stage, in the full light, take the first place. Congratulations are heaped upon them. Wishes and prayers are showered upon them. Medals and awards are distributed among them. Testimonials of honor are given them.

We add our word of hearty congratulations and our sincere good wishes. Our Graduates—God bless them one and all and speed them on their way in life.

But—as the curtain sinks and the glory fades, as the disordered chairs and crushed flowers and the deserted halls mark the close of the commencement exercises, we cannot forget the devoted teachers—Brothers and Sisters—who have made the grand commencement possible. Another year of their life has been given to our children and God!

Let us give them one grateful word of recognition. May it follow them into their convents, and add a little human encouragement to the hundred-fold that the Master has promised them in His own way and time.

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Right and obligation go together. The right to vote is no exception.

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"Reading begeth a full mind." What kind of reading do you do?

## Colleen Alanna!

### V. THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

More than once during the journey from America, Ralph Whitney had regretted the impetuous step he had taken. Just as often, there had come the haunting admonition of conscience, "Don't be a quitter." In either frame of mind, he had found himself more busy, more deeply interested in this project than he had been in anything since he had had to help rescue a "Lost Battalion" in France. And in the background of his reflections was the memory of a last chat he had had with the care-free and thoughtful, ever-smiling yet ever-serious Adele. He now thought he understood her motive in urging him to go; it had lain deep-hid beneath those light blue eyes and had been given no further expression than that which is contained in a surreptitious tear and a sudden catch in the voice. Aileen must have told her of the incident at Vernon Hawley's home; Vernon was a "rounder," a highly-refined loafer, and Adele must have figured he would become another. Good little Adele, and deep as the sea. How she must have smiled as she watched the progress of his infatuation for Aileen, knowing all the while it would turn out as it did. How he missed her!

On his arrival, he had blended quickly and easily with the mysterious army of two hundred thousand young men that was defending Ireland against a ruthless invader. Evanescant, compact, sturdy, clean in habit and tongue, it offered a striking comparison with the fighting forces he had known. He saw no signs of the great number of troops in action; the I. R. A. reminded him of what he had read and studied of the American troops in the Revolution. He felt at home with them.

As time went on, his rather aimless adventure acquired a point. The occasion was the concentrated effort made by the enemy to crush the Irish forces once for all. Ralph was resting after a hard day's work of drilling recruits, when an officer dashed into the hut he was occupying with a number of officers and announced news.

"There have been more executions at Mountjoy," he shouted. "Three of the boys were hanged today."

"Who were they?" demanded Ralph as he jumped to his feet. His face was ashen gray, his clenched fists trembling. The rest remained

immobile, tense, silent. Subconsciously, he remarked their wonderful self-control.

"Kenny, O'Donovan and Ryan. Know any of them?" With the rest of the group, the speaker regarded Ralph curiously. His face, chiseled by the rigors of campaigning in Ireland and covered with a three days' growth of hair, looked ferocious, and his eyes, deep in their sockets, flashed fire.

"O'Donovan, you said," The words snapped between his teeth.

"Yes; Larry O'Donovan, from Cork."

"O-oh! My man's name is Tom—and it strikes me the O is missing."

"Do you know Lieutenant Tom Donovan?" exclaimed several. Ralph grinned foolishly. Reactions were swift in these hectic times.

"No—not himself—just yet. Hope to meet him. In fact, come to think of it, that's what I'm here for. But I know his better half—or at least, the lovely Colleen who will be that when we've cleaned up this job."

One man elbowed his way through the group. His uniform, faded a trifle and stained with hard usage through shrub and stream, encased his powerful frame like a glove.

"So you knew Aileen in America! How is she and what is she doing? I'm her brother Mike!" Ralph stared at the speaker, then suddenly recognizing the notes of resemblance between them, stretched out his hand to greet him. All idea of discipline was forgotten till, the months of intensive training in America telling, Ralph realized his position, clicked his heels together and saluted.

Somewhere in the rear a voice muttered, "Boys, that sergeant is a soldier!"

"She's alive and well and as happy as she can be under the circumstances, Lieutenant," answered Ralph, but his gaze flinched beneath the other's searching look. "And she's making converts to the cause!"

Mike said nothing as he reached across and seized the American's hand in a grip that made Ralph wince.

"I think I understand," the officer remarked quietly, a wistful smile playing over his lips. Ralph began to fumble in his pockets to relieve the situation. A battered wallet made its appearance. Within it, lay two photographs. One he handed to Lieutenant Murphy.



"That, I have promised to deliver to Lieutenant Donovan. It's the only message that would defy the enemy's deciphering in case that—"

Mike seized the little picture and devoured it with his eyes. It seemed strange that a bit of paper with a few chemicals on it could prove such a boon to a hardened soldier. Mike saw the other picture in the wallet.

"Is that one of her, too?" His hand stretched out for it unconsciously.

"No, sir; that is a photograph of Aileen's closest friend in America. That I am carrying with me."

"Lucky Tom," someone remarked and the situation was relieved.

"Well, boys," broke in another, "these times weren't made for lovers, bad luck to the Sassenach—and it's General Collins himself that knows it—but the point is this: There'll be more hangin' on the morrow and we are going to spoil the party by taking away the principal features. We ought to be moving."

"Easy Grady, easy with you," remonstrated an older man. "There's big doings on for tonight. Orders will be here soon. In the meantime, let's rest. We'll need all we've got before dawn—and after Sergeant Whitney's work today, I've got little strinth left."

The men settled back on boxes of various shapes; chairs were a luxury there. Outside the dwelling, a sentry paced his post steadily. From the dusky distance, the hum of voices came to them like the hum of insects at night. Lieutenant Murphy called Ralph outside.

"We're out to save those men tonight, Sergeant. I suppose you guessed as much. Our secret service has given us notice of their progress in cutting an exit. More than that, we're out to prevent the pillage of another town. At the rate things are going, even if we win, we shall have lost. The destruction here has been terrific. We have orders to prevent it. Now today we got a consignment of bombs. Do you know anything about handling them?"

Ralph strode over to the cases indicated, searched through one that had been smashed open and examined the contents. The grenades looked familiar. The mechanism was a little different from the type he had been accustomed to in the service, but the principle was the same.

"Same old eggs!" he muttered. "Little different breed, but they



do the trick." He reached back in the motion of throwing. Mike seized his arm, panic-stricken.

"Good heavens, man, don't be after hurlin' that."

"I just want to get the feel of it. Pick out the boys you want to use these and I'll teach them—some of the essentials of the grand American game of baseball!"

The Lieutenant called for four young fellows. Ralph could not help admiring the cheerful as well as prompt obedience of these reputedly untrained soldiers. He lined them up, handed them some rocks of the size and weight of the bombs and told them to hit a shrub a hundred feet away. As he expected, the missiles flew far and wide of the mark. Then he took a stone and with the quick snap of a catcher throwing to second base, he let it fly. It clipped the top of the bush.

"Haven't lost the old knack," he said to himself. He studied the prospects a moment, then turned to Lieutenant Murphy.

"Lieutenant Murphy, do you know how many places will have to be bombarded with these eggs?"

"Just one, Sergeant. If they stop the lorries that will come along the road from Phoenix Park, that's enough."

"Well, if that's the case, I'll take care of the job myself. It would take too long now to show these men how to throw with accuracy, and there isn't much time left. And if one of the bombs bust in the wrong bunch, there would be hell to pay. And I imagine you haven't many of these pills to spare."

"Very well, Sergeant. We need all our men for the other work; if you can keep that convoy busy, it will help."

They walked out together to a little knoll overlooking a road that would away eastward through gentle hills. Here Mike pointed out the plan of action.

"The military are stationed in two camps along the tracks yonder. We shall engage the troops to the east. If you can stop those coming from the west, that will be enough. They plan on raiding two creameries tonight, and a party is out to search the Cleary farmhouse; think they will catch the two Cleary boys at home. Two of them were among the four you had with you a minute ago. Well, search in this case means destruction, if not worse. Mother and two sisters home alone, you know. Meanwhile, Tom Donovan and his party will be

making their way out of prison. The enemy have helped them and us by their plans."

"I see," said Ralph. "But just exactly where do I come in?"

"Right here, at least in the beginning. After that, use your discretion. There are five or six lorries in that camp that are going to use this road. Can you stop them?"

"The eggs will take care of that," he answered grimly. It meant Aileen's happiness. That was enough.

As they entered the hut for supper, they found the officers still discussing the bombs. Some claimed they were really hand-grenades. Others wondered at the name "eggs."

"Say, Ralph," one called out from the end of the rude table, "why do you Americans call those things 'eggs'?"

"Hard telling," grinned Ralph, "except that they're guaranteed to stop the antics of bad actors."

After the meal, final orders were given, plans carefully studied and all watches synchronized. There could be no hitch in the program. As Ralph packed a box with the hand-grenades and carried them out to his station, the others were interested spectators. It was the first time this unit had seen such weapons in action. Ralph took up his station on the hillock overlooking the road and with the farmhouse that was the objective of the Black and Tans to his right and ahead of him. With a final word of cheer, the rest dispersed, fading away into the night like spirits flown from earth, after which came the dull tramp of many marching feet, the occasional crack of dry underbrush, then silence.

Seated in the recesses of a gnarled old stump, Ralph awaited developments. He wanted to smoke and felt there was no danger of discovery, but discipline was discipline and the work was too important to jeopardize. After a time of tense waiting, he heard footsteps behind him. Rolling over quickly he peered around the stump. It was only Mike coming along with another box of grenades.

"I thought you might need some more, sure," whispered Mike as he gingerly placed the explosives on the ground. "Besides the captain thought it would be better for two of us to be here. The biggest part of the military will come from that direction, and they've got to be stopped or they will trap our men."

He had hardly spoken when the muffled rumble of a lorry was heard.

The two guards watched intently as it lumbered up the rather difficult grade. They could just make it out by marking the regularity of its shadow as compared with the irregular shadows of the surrounding trees and bushes. It rolled along steadily till it was in front of the farmhouse and almost in front of the two men. In the distance, the reverberation of other motors could be heard. Ralph thought of the many zero hours he had had in France; the present suspense was on a par with that.

He stuck two grenades in his pocket, loosened his revolver in its holster, then picking up two more grenades, he crept quietly down the hill till about two hundred feet from the car. Aiming carefully at what he thought ought to be the location of the front of the car, he let his first missile fly. It hit the lorry on the radiator and exploded with a report that seemed deafening in the evening stillness. In the farmhouse all lights were extinguished instantly. From the roadway, Ralph could hear a chorus of mingled cursing and moaning. Meanwhile the second lorry was approaching. Scurrying up the knoll and along the lower side of its crest, he hurried to meet it at the bend in the road. A grenade thrown hurriedly, fell short and he hurled another. This time his aim was true and the front of the machine was put out of commission.

"Better get back and watch that first batch," he reminded Mike, who had followed him with a reserve supply of bombs. "I've still at least two of those go-carts to account for." Mike gave him the supply of ammunition he had with him, and slid back in the darkness.

Pandemonium reigned in the enemy ranks. They did not dare light their lights fearing they had been surrounded. At the same time, the wounded men were clamoring for aid.

Ralph advanced further along the knoll till it began to drop. Here he found a neat pocket in the earth, like a shell-hole, in which he could hide. The third lorry had waited for the next to approach. Together they advanced slowly. Another grenade landed beneath the first of the two and put the motor out of working order. It began to roll back slowly. Shouts of warning from the car following were of no avail. Before the brakes could be applied the two cars crashed. To make it interesting, Ralph dropped another grenade in the middle of the mess and made his way back to his original post. Mike was awaiting him. Following his whispered directions, he saw a row of shadows

creeping toward the farmhouse. Fearing they were carrying wounded, he did not try to hit them, but another grenade landing to one side, warned them that they were being watched. One shadow crept apart from the rest, still approaching the house. Mike's revolver cracked and the figure lay still.

"Lieutenant, if you could bring reinforcements," whispered Ralph, "I think we could bag the whole lot. They evidently think a whole brigade has surrounded them. I'll stay here with these play-toys and keep them from doing mischief."

"I'll do that, Sergeant," replied Mike and set out for the camp.

The crowd in the road readjusted themselves hurriedly, and almost before Ralph knew it, scattered groups were scouring the surrounding territory, taking advantage of every hillock for protection. He recalled that practically all of them had seen service in the World War and were consequently experienced at this mode of fighting. Still, he had the advantage. When they came dangerously near, he withdrew farther along the knoll; and when several of the enemy had accidentally come together at the post he had originally taken up, he hurled a grenade into them. It was like throwing from deep center field to catch a runner at home base. That group ceased operations at once. A few took chances at random shooting.

He found another pit, the results of the farmer's efforts to clear his field, and dropped into it. There was a pile of brush in it already that offered perfect protection as far as concealment was concerned.

While he was resting in his new shelter, he heard hurried footsteps coming along the other end of the road. Peering out beneath the dead branches, he saw a shadow running low on his side of the road. It soon attracted the attention of the enemy and a fusilade of shots rang out. The figure dropped. Ralph felt it must be one of the boys from the prison and crept out of his hole.

Crawling over the ground, as he had crawled more than once in the days gone by, he reached the figure, a lad, thin, emaciated and clad in what had been a Republican uniform. Without wasting precious moments to see whether he was dead or alive, he dragged the unconscious boy to his new shelter. He had just enough time to drag the underbrush over the both of them when the first of the pursuers arrived. He could hear them muttering directions to one another, could see them prodding every suspicious shadow with their bayonets. They were

seven, and his revolver had six shots. Two grenades were in his pockets. At the same time, to fire would attract the attention of the others. He decided to say his prayers.

The boy with him began to move restlessly, and he placed his hand over his mouth to prevent any possible groans. Against the sky he could see one of the enemy peering into the hole. A bayonet came over the edge. A thrust, then another, both missing by a narrow margin; a final thrust into the middle of the clump of brush and he could feel the blood running down his face where the point of the blade had touched him. The pursuer, satisfied there was no one there, went on his way.

After what seemed an age, a volley of shots rang out and Ralph knew that Mike had returned with help. He dragged the now partially conscious man out of the hole, then turning, hurled his two last grenades at the cars in the road.

"Oh, there you are," exclaimed a voice. "We thought you were done for."

"Not today, thanks," answered Ralph dryly, as he tried to stanch the flow of blood. "And what's more, it's not due to them that I'm not done for, nor this lad here."

"Who's there?"

"Search me. He came over the road, just in time to let me give him board and lodging that was better than a grave. I'll get him back to quarters, and you had better move on and give the boys a lift. There's quite a crew of them in the road."

The other moved on as directed and Ralph examined the lad beside him. He had fallen more from fatigue than anything else. In a few minutes he was able to move and together they slowly made their way back from the field of battle.

The next day's papers in America carried lurid accounts of the ambushing of the heroic Black and Tans by an overwhelming number of Republicans armed to the teeth with hand-grenades. Aileen and Adele read the news together. Further on in the paper, in an out-of-the-way corner, there was mention of twenty men having escaped from Mountjoy Prison. With mingled emotions they followed Miss Brown to the source of her peace and consolation and prayed that between the lines there might be the news they so ardently desired.

It was morning before the entire force of Republicans reassembled

in their quarters. Not a man except Ralph had been injured and his injury was more fearful in appearance than in reality. Eighteen of the twenty Mountjoy men had been accounted for, and Ralph met the man he had saved.

After an affair of that kind, they had to move. It was while preparing to change quarters that Lieutenant Mike Murphy came up to Ralph and asked him whether he knew who the lad was that had shared his shelter the previous night.

"No, sir," Ralph replied with his customary accurate salute. "I didn't even see his face, and if I had it would make no difference. I don't know anyone over here."

"Why, Sergeant, I thought you were from Ireland—that is, originally."

"On the contrary," Ralph replied, "I am American—via England." Then after a pause, "Are we far from Drogheda?"

"Not very," Mike replied. "Why?"

"Well, I was interested. My ancestors were there centuries ago."

"I see. Well, so were mine. We've never forgotten. I don't wonder you come back, if you've memories of that massacre."

Ralph laughed dryly.

"My ancestors were among the killers, not the killed. I came back to make atonement." He walked away and Mike hurried after him.

"Sergeant, a moment. You've more than made up for them; do you know whom you rescued last night?"

Without waiting for an answer, he seized the American's arm and led him toward a group of men engaged in earnest conversation. Breaking through the crowd, he forced Ralph into the center till he was confronting a tall, thin, hollow-faced young man.

"Lieutenant Donovan," Mike announced, "I want you to meet your friend in need, Sergeant Ralph Whitney, recently of the U. S. A.; at present a brave member of our I. R. A. He has something for you."

Ralph stared stupidly at the officer. Then all thought of rank and discipline forgotten, he seized his hand and shook it with an earnestness more expressive than words.

"So you're Donovan; lucky boy." While the others looked on with enjoyment, he fumbled in his pocket; dragged out the faithful old wallet, opened it, and handed Lieutenant Donovan a photograph. "Perhaps you will know that. It's for you."

It was Donovan's turn to stare. His hand trembled as it held the little picture; his lips trembled as he tried to stammer his thanks. The tears filled his eyes as he thought of all that this gift signified.

"God bless her, our Colleen Alanna; and God bless you, too. In the light of this, Mountjoy and its horrors are a dim memory."

"Good!" remarked Ralph. "And now my work is finished."

"No, Sergeant, not yet. You've got to teach some of my men how to play ball with those famous eggs. Thanks to them, we got the whole crowd last night. The only killed were those killed in their own smashup. Foolish driving, that was; but they seem never to learn. The wounded are in the care of some of our White Cross, the rest are tied up where they won't be in danger of causing mischief. You've got plenty to do yet."

A courier on a motorcycle rode into the camp announcing news from Dublin.

"The truce has been declared; the treaty is going to be signed," he called out.

Ralph noted the effect of the announcement on the men. It reminded him of that November 11, when he had heard those glad tidings in France after a night and morning of hard fighting. Here as then, there was no cheering. No jubilation. Just relief at the thought of no more bloodshed at least for the present; and a feeling of uneasiness that there might be something wrong with the news—or with the arrangement.

"That terminates my service, Lieutenant," remarked Ralph to Mike with a broad grin. "I'm off to America, with the turning of the tide. I've another errand to perform; and it won't be my fault if the month after next does not find the bells of Shandon ringing out a wedding march. So long boys; congratulations Donovan; bye-bye, Mike; I'm off to headquarters and then the first boat for home."

And he was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A rear-rank Catholic is one who waits till the Easter season to step to the front and make his profession of faith by receiving the sacraments, and who then slinks to the rear to hibernate spiritually for another year. Spiritual progress; he does not know what it means.



# Catholic Anecdotes

## THE CROSS SHE LOVED

In his account of the Iroquois Indian martyrs, J. G. Shea mentions Frances Gonannhatenha.

"The pious Frances had been baptized at Onandaga, and was made prisoner with her husband and some other converted Indians near the mission of Sault St. Louis. She was taken to Onandaga, and given to her own sister; but that pagan, deaf to the cry of nature, gave Frances up to death.

"On the scaffold she, too, professed the faith with holy fortitude, and again that hatred of the Cross, which caused the death of Rene Goupil fifty years before, was displayed. One of her kinsmen sprang on the scaffold, and tearing off the crucifix that hung on her breast, cut a cross deep in her flesh.

" 'There,' he cried, 'is the cross you loved so much, and which kept you from leaving the Sault when I took the trouble to go for you.'

" 'Thank you, brother,' replied the holy sufferer, 'the cross you wrenched from me, I might lose; but you give me one I cannot lose even in death.'

"She urged her clansmen to become Christians, assured them of her forgiveness, and prayed fervently for them; but they prolonged her tortures for three days, and after burning her from head to foot with red-hot gun-barrels, scalded her, and covering her head with hot coals, unloosed her, hoping to enjoy her futile attempts to escape. But she, witness to the faith, knelt calmly down to pray. Then a shower of stones ended her heroic life."

## GUADALUPE

One of the most beautiful traditions known in the world is that which describes the origin of the shrine to Our Lady of Guadalupe, national patroness of Mexico. To those who think of the Mexicans as a turbulent, revolutionary people, the story of this devotion will



come as a revelation and possibly as an incentive to learn more about our neighbors, whose culture and religious development antedates our own by many years.

In 1531, on the ninth of December, an old man, Juan Diego, was hurrying down Tepeyac Hill to hear Mass in Mexico City. It was Saturday. Suddenly the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and told him to bear her message to Bishop Zumarraga. She desired a chapel to be built on the spot where she then stood.

The Bishop was slow to believe this, and after receiving repeated visits from the poor man, finally demanded a sign that the message was authentic. Juan agreed so earnestly that the Bishop left the choice of the Sign to the apparition.

On Monday, Juan's uncle lay dying. When all the available medicines failed to relieve him, Juan set off in haste for the priest; and in order not to be delayed by the Blessed Virgin, in his simplicity, he took another path over the hill. But Our Lady crossed over to meet him and gently rebuked him for trying to run away from her. Juan explained his predicament and the Blessed Virgin told him his uncle was cured. He then asked her for the sign.

In reply she bade him gather the roses he would find blooming amid the rocks at the top of the hill. Juan knew that roses never bloomed there, above all at this time of the year. But he obeyed, and filled his *tilma* or long mantel with the beautiful flowers. On returning to Our Lady, she rearranged his flowers, then bade him keep them as they were till he saw the Bishop.

When Juan, a little later, opened his cloak to show the sign to the Bishop, he was dumbfounded to see the prelate and his attendants fall on their knees. The roses had fallen to the ground, but on the poor mantel, with the big ugly seam running through the center, was a gorgeous painting of Our Lady as he had seen her. It exists today; the problem of artists and painters, the pride and the consolation of the Mexican people, in the magnificent shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

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Motherhood! The Blessed Virgin Mary's greatest privilege—and her son was God!

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Atheists and agnostics do some good without intending it; they show careless Catholics how little they know about their religion,

# Pointed Paragraphs

## SOUND VALUES IN YOUR DEPOSIT BOX

This is the common-sense advice which a banking firm gives by way of advice to its clients. It is sound advice in the business world. There are papers and papers—bonds and bonds—but some of them are merely scraps of paper. They only litter the deposit box and bring no returns. Of course some bonds are a gamble; the best, at rare times, may turn out to be useless.

Graduation day reminds one of deposit boxes of a different kind. They are souls—and the bonds that will bring no returns or poor returns or splendid profits—are the education we have put into that soul.

Look at the young men and the girls on the stage in your parish school. Multiply that by 10,000. They have put into their deposit box the bonds of a good Christian education. They will bring returns here and hereafter. They may be long term investments, but they are safe and sure. In fact, we have Our Saviour's word for it: "They shall bear fruit a hundredfold." That is what makes commencement day in a Catholic School such a glorious occasion.

## THE CHURCH'S HOPE

There are times of the year when the Church is in jubilant celebration. Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, All Saints—these are days of joy. She celebrates the great things God has done for her and for all men.

Commencement Day is not registered on her calendars. It is not a feast of Our Lord or of any of His Saints. It centers not around the church, but rather around the schoolhouse beside the church. It commemorates rather what she presents to God than what God gives to us; it represents the results of God's gifts rather than the gifts themselves.

And hence, it also becomes a feast for the Church—one of her proudest and most jubilant. It is a feast of hope and expectation.

She looks proudly on the ranks of graduates coming from our schools and, forgetting for a moment the trials and persecutions she must undergo, she looks with confidence into the future.

These are her proudest boast—these are her hope.

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### THE BORN SAINT

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When an artist or a musician attains success and fame, there is not wanting someone "to take the joy out of life"—to diminish the merit of his labors by adducing as a reason for success, "He had it in him," "He was born that way," which is equivalent to saying, "He could not help succeeding." Scant consolation for the artist conscious of long years of long days with hard, merciless hours of unremitting training.

And so it is with Saints. Many writers depict the Saints in such a fashion that there has arisen a widespread conviction that all Saints are born Saints.

It is the same with "Saint-craft," if we may call it such, as with artistry and musicianship. True, some few favored ones are born with natural endowments. Some have five talents instead of one. But the ultimate success in either case came through the positive co-operation, the positive, and often difficult making use of these God-given talents.

As Father Matheo, in writing of the Little Flower says, "Their extraordinary fidelity and lawful ambition merited and irresistibly drew down on their souls an extraordinary torrent of favors and special graces which Heaven never refuses to generous souls. *They won the Divine aureole, the palm, in fair combat.*"

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### THE P. T. A.

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School is drawing to a close—and the Parent-Teachers' Association is having meetings! It used to be that meetings dealing with education were held in September, just before school opened, or in the middle of the year about the time of the opening of the second semester. But the Catholic Parent-Teachers' Association has chosen the end of the year. Advisedly.

If the cooperation which the parents can show in the special work

of the teachers can display itself to advantage at any time, it is during the period of the year between June and September,—the period, featured by absolute forgetfulness of the 'ritin', readin' an' 'rithmetic that, in olden popular fiction at least, made the other ten months of the year a torture. The trouble is, the children in allowing the process of forgetting to proceed, usually do not make any choice in the things that are to be forgotten, including the reading, the writing, the arithmetic and the religion. Meetings of such organizations as the Catholic Parent-Teachers' Association serve at least to remind the members, Catholic mothers, of the part they must bear in continuing the work of the Sisters in the schools.

Further, there are many Catholic parents who could stand enlightening on the methods used in their parochial schools. Negative, carping criticism is due to ignorance, and enlightenment destroys ignorance.

The Association is a good thing. It has done much good during the short period of its existence, and in the few cases where it may have proved to be a nuisance in a parish, it was due not to the nature of the organization but to an abuse, or better, a neglect of its primary principle, cooperation. The enemies of the Catholic schools are organized, present a united front. Their upholders, the priests, parents and teachers, must present a united front if the danger is to be withstood. Cooperation is the principle of unity; the Catholic Parent-Teachers' Association seems to be the first results of its application.

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### THE HOME, A THRONE OF THE SACRED HEART

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We have often noted, no doubt, in our studies of history, how the great men and the great works of the Church happened in times of greatest need. We have seen in the phenomenon the hand of Divine Providence.

Not so long ago, Modernism threatened. And God gave us Pope Pius X, the Apostle of Frequent and Children's Communion.

Modernism has spent much of its force. But there is no peace. The gates of Hell insisting on attempting to prevail. The point of attack, now, is the Catholic family. Never, perhaps, since the dissolute days of Nero and his kind has the status of the family been so endangered. And the influence tending to disrupt the family are sparing no one—Protestant or Catholic. Will the Catholic ideal survive?

God has raised up the Apostle of the family ideal.

The Rev. Father Matheo, a missionary priest, who was miraculously cured of a hopeless malady in the chapel of Paray-le-Monial, where St. Margaret Mary was favored with so many apparitions and revelations of the Sacred Heart, is devoting his life in gratitude to the devotion of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home.

The devotion has been approved and encouraged by Pope Pius X, Pope Benedict XV, and finally in this day of conspiracy against the sacred unity of the home, by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

Install the image of the Sacred Heart in your homes. Let It be the center of your joys and your sorrows, your hopes, your ambitions, your plans, your devotions. Let it be the mirror in which you see the things of this world reflected in their true value—means to be used for the glory of God.

Let the Sacred Heart have your home for His throne—and come what may, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

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#### A HINT FROM A TEACHER

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"Beautiful pictures (and the Church gives us the greatest masterpieces of painting) have a charm, power and strength more valuable than words for stimulating and encouraging little people to be kind and good. 'The Children of the Shell,' by Murillo, contains all that is necessary to keep a room full of lively little tots gentle and docile. When a breach occurs, all that is necessary is a reference to the picture and a little remark: 'Do you think the little Child Jesus would act like that?' The little one, impressed sometimes to the point of tears, with such kindly correction, is at once won and promises to try to imitate the Divine Model set before him. Acts of obedience and silence, otherwise troublesome, are done with pleasure when the love of their little King is set as a motive. The little ones want to be like Him and to live as He did."

These are the words of a School Sister, taken from the *Catholic Educational Review*. They are not mere theoretical statements; they are not fancy; they are not couched in learned psychological phrases. They are the fruits of long years of experience with children.

Learn the value and use of pictures in the home.

### CAN IT BE DONE?

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Political events have a way of shaping themselves independently of the designs of machines and parties and bosses.

The present administration, drawing to a close, has seen its ranks disordered by the seemingly endless entanglements of oil investigations. The opposing party found that the searchlight of investigation and subsequent publicity shot through the mists of oil and found some of the stains on its own party escutcheon. And the event of choosing another president draws on apace.

Among the candidates mentioned for the honor are two Catholics. One of them, the popular and efficient governor of New York, stands at present in the foreground of his party's candidates. He is reputed a "wet," which means simply, that with the freedom guaranteed a citizen of the United States, he fails to see the usefulness and necessity of the eighteenth amendment. He is undoubtedly a Catholic and unashamed of the fact. In the last elections in New York, even his defeated opponent approved of the people's selection.

Meanwhile, a large religious body is holding a convention. Religious conventions are to discuss matters of religious import; that is, matters of faith and morals. Will it approve of the nomination of the governor of New York? If it does not approve of him, will its disapproval have an effect on the possibilities of his election? Will the basis of decision be the candidate's Catholicity or his political principles?

Whether the governor of New York be nominated or not, the time has come for a showdown on the worth of Constitutional privileges, at least as far as popular practice is concerned. Well instructed Protestants refuse to believe that their Catholic friends and neighbors are branded with the seal of hell.

Disease is disclosed by diagnosis. The coming elections will test the political pulse and the intellectual blood pressure of the nation. Is Know-nothingism gone? We shall see.

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True education annihilates self for God; false education annihilates God and deifies self.

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Him that shall overcome, I shall make a pillar in the temple of my God.—Apoc. 3:12.

# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help THE LOSS OF JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

"I HAVE SOUGHT THEE SORROWING"

Of the thirty years of Our Lord's hidden life, nothing is revealed except the episode of His going down to the Temple in company with Joseph and Mary. Singularly enough, it reveals to us our Lady again as Perpetual Help.

Our Lord was twelve years old. According to Jewish custom, He was now a "son of the Law," obliged to observe the prescribed fasts and to journey at least once a year to Jerusalem. So this was the first time Jesus fulfilled this obligation.

The people usually made this journey in great crowds, men and women separated; the children with either party. When the solemn ceremonies were over and the crowds started back to their homes, Jesus remained. The fact that the children could remain either with the men or with the women, made it possible that some time should elapse before either St. Joseph or Mary became aware of the Boy Jesus' absence. Mary thought He was with Joseph, and Joseph thought that He was with Mary: "Thinking that He was in the company." (Luke II.44.)

We can easily surmise how great must have been Mary's surprise when she realized that He was lost. Her anxiety, her fear, her grief, are revealed so poignantly in the simple words recorded in Sacred Scripture: "They sought Him; they returned to Jerusalem, seeking Him." But Mary herself reveals the grief that filled her heart during these three days of anxious search:

"Why hast thou done so to us? Behold thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

It would seem that Jesus wished our Blessed Mother to feel every kind of sorrow that human heart has ever felt, so that she might be a mother capable of consoling and aiding the hearts of men in every form of suffering.

What mother that mourns a wayward son will not be able to go



trustingly to Mary now! What heart broken by the loss of some dear one, or embittered by blasted affection will not feel drawn toward that mother who suffered the loss of Him who was sweeter and dearer than any of the children of men?

But she sought her child. I, too, am her child. Should I ever stray I know one who will notice my absence—one who will care—one who will seek me. Nor will she rest till she find me. Consoling thought! We can all say it.

And no mother is alone now in seeking her wayward boy or girl. Even before you seek him, Mary has already gone in search of that child. More than you grieve, Mary grieves. In your search she is by your side. Say to her in all confidence: O Mother, who sought your child with such sorrow and found Him, help me.

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### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"I wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a special temporal favor that was granted me since the last Novena.

"I enclose \$2.00 for Masses to be said for the Poor Souls in purgatory in honor of Our Lady."

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you sincerely for all the favors you have granted, particularly for the settlement of a certain matter, for which we had been striving for several years. In thanksgiving, I have had several Masses offered."

"I am enclosing Post Office money order for \$2.50 in your favor, and will thank you to send your magazine for one year to some one who in your judgment would appreciate it. I promised this to the Blessed Mother for a favor received and also promised to publish in your magazine thanksgiving for two people being spared from a terrible disgrace, that would have ruined the life of one family especially."

"Recently I made a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and I promised to have a Mass said in her honor and to have my favor published if granted. Now that I have received this favor I wish to make thanksgiving. If you will be so kind as to write a little laurel in her honor for receiving an increase in salary it will be very much appreciated."

"To thank Our Dear Lord and his blessed Mother, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, I kindly ask to have a Holy Mass said in thanks for all the blessings I received through her intercession."

## Catholic Events

The Great Missionary Exhibit at the Vatican will be formally opened on Dec. 26. Representatives of the various missionary organizations are now in Rome to organize their respective parts of the exhibition.

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According to present plans discussed by officials of the Vatican, the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, interrupted in 1870, will be reopened in 1928. Long preparations are necessary. In 1869, the right to be present at the Council was conceded to 51 Cardinals, 11 Patriarchs, 917 Bishops, and 59 Abbots, Generals and Procurators of Religious Orders. Of the total number 20% could not attend because of illness, old age or other legitimate reasons. Today the number of members of the Hierarchy has greatly increased. There are now 213 Archbishoprics, 927 Bishoprics of the Latin Rite, and 83 of the Oriental Rite, and more than 600 Titular Sees. In consequence of the large number which will be eligible to attend the reconvened Council an entirely new arrangement will have to be made to provide sufficient space for the meeting. In addition to the material arrangements, there is also a vast amount of other work to be done, to prepare a program for the discussions.

\* \* \*

A special commission has been appointed by the Pope for the purpose of preparing a universal plan for the study of the catechism. It is expected that the first outline for the complete catechism will be ready to be sent to all the Bishops of the Church early in 1925, for consideration and suggestions.

\* \* \*

The triennial appointments for the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Fathers have just been announced: Provincial, Very Rev. Edward Cantwell, C.Ss.R. The Rectors of the Redemptorist Parishes in various cities are: St. Louis, Very Rev. Thos. Palmer; New Orleans, Very Rev. Daniel Higgins; Chicago (St. Michael's) Very Rev. Francis X. Miller; Kansas City, Very Rev. Joseph Gunn; Detroit, Very Rev. Patrick Dunne; Chicago (St. Alphonsus), Very Rev. Wenceslaus Steinbach; Grand Rapids, Very Rev. John Britz; Denver, Very Rev. Christian Darley; Davenport, Very Rev. Edward Mattingly; San Antonio, Very Rev. Joseph Printen; Omaha, Very Rev. Eugene Buhler; Wichita, Very Rev. John P. Mueller; San Antonio (Mexican Missions) Very Rev. Edward Molloy; De Soto (House of Novitiate), Very Rev. Peter Foerster; Kirkwood (Preparatory College) Very Rev. Joseph Fagen; Oconomowoc (House of Studies), Very Rev. Aug. T. Zeller. With these appointments, a new Vice-Province was established

on the Pacific Coast. The first Vice-Provincial is Very Rev. Joseph Chapoton. The superiors appointed for the Redemptorist parishes in this territory are: Portland, Very Rev. Henry Aschoff; Seattle, Very Rev. John Fitzgerald; Fresno, Very Rev. Henry Reimbold; Coeur d'Alene, Very Rev. Alphonsus Zeller; Whittier, Very Rev. Marcellus Ryan.

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Nancy Clare Schutter, 14 year old Memphis, Tenn., girl, won first prize in the Edgar A Guest Young Verse Writers' Contest. She is a pupil of St. Mary's School, Memphis.

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Positive information has been secured that the Ku Klux Klan of the State of Washington is circulating a petition for initiative measure No. 49, to outlaw all private and parochial schools in the State. The petition was circulated in Seattle. The Klan hopes to deceive voters into the belief that their measure is not unconstitutional, although the United States Court of Oregon declared it so, in deciding that the same measure, proposed in Oregon, was a violation of the Constitution of the United States.

\* \* \*

Several of the leading educators of the country appeared before the House Committee on Education at Washington, D. C., to voice their opposition to the Sterling-Reed Bill, especially its federal subsidy features. The educators are: President A. F. Woods, of the University of Maryland; Dr. S. P. Capen, Chancellor of Buffalo University; Professor Chas. H. Judd, director of the School of Education of Chicago University; and Dr. C. R. Mann, Director of the American Council on Education. This is the same Sterling-Reed Education Bill which we have so often denounced for its un-American features and the disadvantages it would bring to our parochial schools.

\* \* \*

One of the greatest demonstrations ever held in any city was that which greeted Cardinal Mundelein on his entry into Chicago. Unofficial estimates are that more than one million persons paid their respects to the first Chicago Cardinal as he was driven along the twelve miles of flag-decorated and humanity-lined boulevards from the station to his residence, and thence to the Holy Name Cathedral.

\* \* \*

The Catholic Industrial Conference, which will hold a two days' meeting in Pittsburgh, May 27-28, will have for its feature, the consideration of a move to form local groups similar to the national organization. The Rev. Dr. John O'Grady, Professor of Sociology at the Catholic University will be one of the speakers.

\* \* \*

In an illustrated lecture on "Irish Patriots in the American Revolution," delivered in Jersey City, Mr. John T. McCaffrey gave some interesting bits of information regarding the famous Catholic patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The famous signer of the Declaration of Independence lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of the signing, on

which occasion, he addressed to his countrymen, earnest words of advice. "Grateful to God \* \* \* I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance that ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that all the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to the remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man."

\* \* \*

A recent statement of Mr. William Trueman, treasurer of the New York State Rural School Improvement association, enumerates such educators as President Elliot of Harvard, President Hadley of Yale and Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation among those opposed to the Sterling-Reed bill. They will have no federal interference with schools. "The only ones who want such legislation," said Mr. Trueman, "are the professional educationalists who have fallen down on their job."

\* \* \*

One Mr. Henry Heier, of St. Louis, would provide some excitement for himself and the public. He gave out the story that he had seen Miss Anna Kelly, principal of the O'Fallon School, conducting religious exercises such as the recital of prayers and the making the sign of the Cross at the opening of her school. He also stated that this had been done with the approval of Mr. Murphy, a member of the board. Challenged to the proof, he admitted he had lied. Miss Kelly and Mr. Murphy are Catholics.

\* \* \*

Seven Precious Blood Sisters have left to form a monastery in Tientsin, in the province of Chili, China. Mother St. Paul of the Cross, until recently, superior of the Monastery of the Precious Blood in Portland, Oregon, is superior of the new mission.

\* \* \*

The Catholic University at Washington has made another contribution to the science of the world. The Very Rev. Dr. Henry Hyvernatt, who is directing the work of restoring and printing the famous Morgan collection of Coptic manuscripts, announced recently, that six of the twelve sets completed already have been distributed to the libraries of the world. Among the recipients of the sets are, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the British Museum Library, the Library of the Catholic University of Louvain, and the Library of the University of Cambridge. The manuscripts contain certain parts of the Scriptures, lives of the saints and homilies, and were written on parchment in the period between 823 and 914 A. D. They are of inestimable value for biblical research and the history of the ancient Egyptian liturgies.

\* \* \*

The Election of Patrick E. Crowley to the presidency of the New York Central Railroad Company marks the climax in a career that reads like the famous dime novels. From the position of telegraph messenger with a salary of \$5 a week, his rise has been steady. Mr. Crowley is of good old Irish stock, and a staunch Catholic.

## —THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address)

*Is more than one indulgence granted to those who say the Stations twice a day?*

The devotion of the Way of the Cross is one of the most highly indulgenced in the Church. Those who properly make the Way of the Cross can gain not only one but many plenary and partial indulgences; in fact all the indulgences that have been granted to those who actually and personally visit the holy places in Jerusalem, have been granted to those who perform this devotion. The precise amount and number of these indulgences is not known.

If the devotion is performed oftener than once a day, it is not certain that all the plenary indulgences can be gained more than once, because some of the original documents granting these indulgences have been lost and it is not known whether they permitted the gaining of the indulgences twice in one day. However the partial indulgences can be gained repeatedly, and perhaps some of the plenary indulgences, at least it will do no harm to make the intention of gaining all the indulgences that can be gained by a second performance of the devotion.

*Are Catholics allowed to play Mah-Jongg? If not, why?*

The playing of Mah-Jongg is to be judged according to the principles, which govern the playing of any other game of chance. In itself, it is not wrong to play a game of chance, if the stakes are not large and the players do not expose themselves or those depending upon them to serious harm. In China, where in many places it is unlawful to play Mah-Jongg in public, it seems that the game is not an innocent pastime or fad, as it is in this country, but a curse and menace because of the tremendous stakes, that change hands during the game. Father Stenz, S. V. D., a veteran Chinese missionary, has the following to say concerning Mah-Jongg: "It is a great

surprise to me to note how rapidly the game of Mah-Jongg has gained popularity in the United States. Mah-Jongg is the game blamed for the present corruption in China. I know men and women in China who have lost their entire possessions playing this game. There are few games so contagious, and I am sorry to see it getting such a hold on America. In China it is a saying that the victim of the Mah-Jongg habit can no longer be trusted. It is a sure thing that he will soon come under the wheel. The pastime that the Chinese have sent to America is not a felicitous offering."

*A Protestant man who has been validly baptised wishes to go to confession. He believes that the Catholic priest can forgive sins; he is a friend of the priest to whom he confesses and makes himself known to him. Can the priest absolve him?*

In a case of this kind, the priest must follow the directions of the canon law of the Church, whether the man is a friend or not. The ordinary rule is, that not until Protestants have joined the Church, is it allowed to administer the sacraments to them, even if they are in good faith and ask for the sacraments.

*May a grown-up person use the children's prayer-book entitled: "Jesus, Teach me to Pray," by the Rev. Charles Hoff, C.S.S.R.?*

Certainly. Father Hoff's prayer-book is an excellent prayer-book for children and adults also can find in it very much that will help their devotion.

*What is a capital sin?*

Capital sins are so called because they are, as it were, so many sources from which all other sins flow. They are seven in number: pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. They are not necessarily always grievous sins, but only as often as a weighty duty either to God, our neighbor, or ourselves is violated by them.

## Some Good Books

*Ann Nugent.* By Isabel Clarke. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$2.00.

The twentieth book by Isabel Clarke. Her output is certainly remarkable. This book, the latest, takes its place among the rest as easily one of the most interesting and perfect of her stories.

The story is gripping. The romance runs a hard but appealing course. A near-villain, exceptionally well-drawn, in the person of Miss Gay Lawton, succeeds in producing entanglements that provide suspense. The hero and heroine are characters that command interest and even affection. We must thank Isabel Clarke for this splendid book. As a graduation present, as a vacation companion, as entertainment for leisure moments, I could suggest nothing better than "Ann Nugent."

*Berta and Beth.* By Clementia. Published by Matre and Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

The list grows; each year brings a welcome addition. Clementia is becoming a name blessed by our young people. Clementia's two series: the Mary Selwyn books and the Berta and Beth books are among the best that have been brought out for our girls—the younger ones especially.

The present book takes its place in the Berta and Beth series as one of the best of them. The illustrations will make it all the more pleasing for the little ones.

The price will make it appeal to every mother or uncle or godmother that is looking for a present sure to delight the favored youngster.

*Hints to Preachers.* By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$1.90.

This is a book intended for priests and students for the priesthood.

It is not a formal treatise on preaching or sermon writing. The title already indicates that. Its twenty-six chapters were written at various times according to the author's leisure and

pleasure. This may account for the informal character of the "Hints," and for the attractiveness of the style.

It is an easy book to read. The absence of formality, the familiar style, the anecdotes scattered throughout the pages, all combine to make it absorbingly interesting.

It is a most useful book to read. It comes from the pen of a man who has spent long years in the ministry, who has been successful, and who proves himself to have been a close and intelligent observer.

*Our Lady Book.* Compiled by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price \$1.85; postage extra.

Father Lasance has added another prayer-book to the long list he has already given to the public. This time it is a little book devoted entirely to our Blessed Mother.

"Through Mary to Jesus" was St. Alphonsus' motto, and experience has richly shown that there is no surer or more direct way to Our Lord than through her who brought Our Lord to us. We therefore recommend this book highly.

Every lover of Our Lady will be delighted with the book.

*It Might Be You.* Being Anecdotes of a Missionary. By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. Ss. R. Published by Matre & Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.00.

I suppose the title implies that any of the incidents described in the book may have happened to you or to me. And indeed, they are so plausible that they might have happened any day, on any street, in any home.

They are gripping little accounts—that have the short story outclassed for brevity and directness. Each anecdote makes its point.

It will be an invaluable book for priests, providing many an illustration for instructions. Our teaching Sisters will be able to make good use of it. And "every man"—will be interested in "It Might Be You."



# Lucid Intervals

The dean was exceedingly angry. "So you confess that this unfortunate young man was carried to the pond and drenched? Now, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

"The right leg, sir," answered the sophomore meekly.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, tell me what kind of clothes pussy wears?

Johnny—Clothes?

Teacher—Yes, clothes. Does she wear wool? Does she wear feathers?

Johnny—You poor lady. Ain't you never seen a cat?

"Miss Pounder," said the boss, "you are a very handsome young woman."

"Oh!" said the typist, blushing.

"You dress neatly and you have a well-modulated voice. I might add that your deportment is also above reproach."

"You shouldn't pay me so many compliments."

"Oh, that's all right," said the boss, "I merely want to put you in a cheerful frame of mind before taking up the matter of your punctuation and spelling."

Mother: "Billy, your music teacher is waiting for you in the parlor. Are your hands clean?"

Billy: "Yes, mother."

"Have you washed your ears?"

"Well, I've washed the one that'll be next to him."

"Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. I have called this morning to ask if there is any insanity in your family."

"There must be."

Anxious Old Lady (on river steamer)—"I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

Surly Deckhand—"Well, she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her b'ilers ain't none too good, so she might go up."

She—"Isn't it a nuisance, dear? Mother sent me a recipe for some wonderful floor polish, but I've mislaid it."

He (tasting soup suspiciously)—"Are you sure you mislaid it, darling?"

A silver dollar and a one-cent piece once started an argument, which deteriorated, as so many disputes do, into the purely personal. At this stage, the big coin thought it would squelch its opponent beyond resuscitation by declaring:

"I am one hundred times as good as you are—one hundred times as good as you are!"

But the insignificant coin came back at him with:

"Like fun you are! I go to church every Sunday!"

Young Housewife—Aren't you the same man I gave a piece of pie to yesterday?

Rollo Stone (humbly)—No'em, I ain't him. I'm his executor, come to tell you that his last words was that he forgives you.

"A cat sits on my fence every night and makes the night hideous with his infernal row. Now I don't want to have any bother with my neighbor, but this nuisance has gone far enough, and I want you to advise me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and answered not a word.

"I have a right to shoot that cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "That cat does not belong to you, as I understand."

"No, but the fence does."

"Ah," exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

Riggs (facetiously)—This is a picture of my wife's first husband.

Diggs—Silly looking guy! But, say, I didn't know your wife was married before she met you.

Riggs—She wasn't. This is a picture of myself when I was twenty-five.



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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